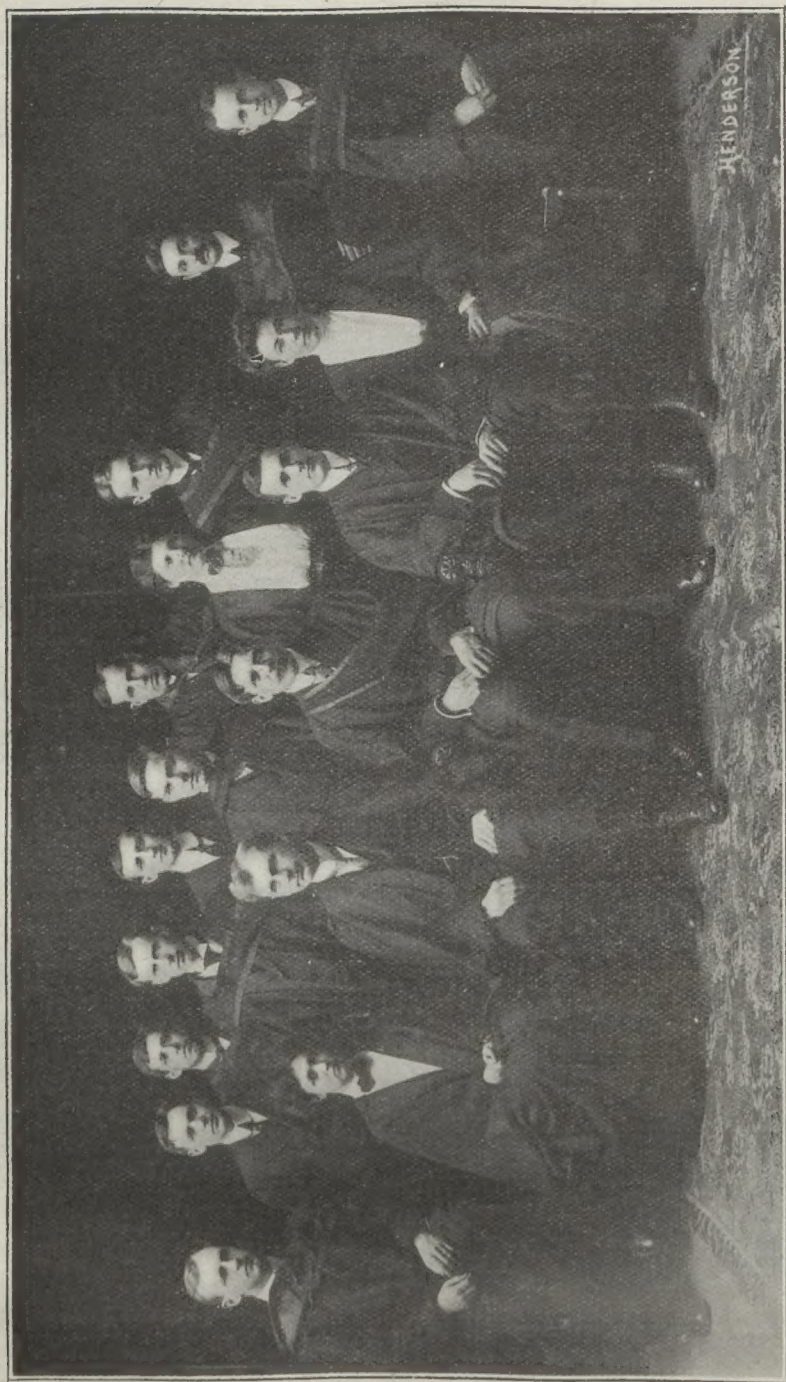




WITH THE BEST WISHES OF THE JOURNAL TO THE FINAL YEARS.



JOURNAL STAFF.



VOL. XXXVII.

MARCH 23rd, 1910.

No. 20.

Drift.

I met Will Semple first in a London doss-house, on his eternal pursuit of the phantom, work. He would have been embarrassed if success came to him, for he was long past the stage when work seems a desirable thing. But the fiction that he was really in search of a living gave him an object in life—and the most aimless man likes that illusion. It created a grievance, too, for there must be something wrong with England, as he said nightly, when there was no job for him. He was ready to talk endlessly, and in his muddled way had theories about things. So it happened that I got to know a good deal about Will and how he became unemployable, or had "hard luck," as he put it.

He was the son of a waterside laborer in South London, a shiftless kind of man, who found a wife and five children too great a burden, and quietly went off one day to start life with a clean sheet. Mrs. Semple bore the loss with great cheerfulness and managed to support the family that was left, even though she had now no husband to keep as well. She consoled herself with port wine,—as did the other ladies of Dwyer's Rest, where she lived. It was port that had never seen Portugal, but all agreed that it was a lady-like drink. Will tumbled up somehow. He used to crane out of the window and look over the dim monotony of London roofs. But what fascinated him was the tin-factory below the window. An endless stream of tins seemed to proceed from the building, sliding smoothly down a canvas shoot to the ground, where men piled them on a lorry. Then they were drawn out into the streets and vanished. This drift of tins, coming from the inexhaustible recesses of the factory and going he knew not where, imprinted itself deep on his imagination. And then he was going down the common stair one day, but couldn't for fat old Mother Slape's coffin had got stuck at a corner. Where was she going out of his sight? His mother's answer was too brief and too theological to be of help. So he grew up with a puzzle about all these things and people that drifted into sight and out again. The streets, too, seemed to stretch endlessly and the traffic along them made a sort of maze that bewildered the boy. But the Board school put such silly notions out of his head. He learned a little discipline with others, and how to be respectful to masters and to answer back at any one else, till his fourteenth birthday, when he promptly left, and got a job as van-boy at seven shillings a week. It was a jolly life dangling legs over the tail-board of the van, and chaffing policemen about the size of their feet, as Tom, the driver, pulled up for a drink. But there was nothing much to think about save the receding vistas of the streets—and that was always the same. So he continued for four years, changing his work when the whim took him, and

having his own way at home, as was right for a wage-earner. At eighteen he got a shock, for he threw up a job, and couldn't get another. It was his first rude experience of the big current in which he was borne down. Will didn't realize that he exemplified a Social Problem. He did feel that luck was down, and married to comfort himself. For a while he dealt in second-hand jute-bags, but some swirl in the Indian market, far out of his knowledge, sent up the price, and trade left him. Then he tried selling fish along with his uncle in the Old Kent Road, but he would not be put upon, as he proudly said, and left that. Half a dozen other trades he tried, and sometimes made a success—for a while. But he always left them, or they left him. He was always independent, was Will. When he was twenty-seven he was hunting for work round the docks, and getting three days a week, on an average. But as he explained, he could live on three days' wages, and it gave the "uvver chap a chawnce." He didn't drink and couldn't stomach more than an occasional smoke—to show his manhood; he was kind in his feeble way to his wife and boys; there was no vice in him. His wife became a little shrewish as money came more rarely. Then, as he said proudly, "I wasn't going to stand that, so I cut my stick and went." He drifts along the road from doss to doss till the last eddy casts him aside. He has freed himself from the tyranny of the current by yielding, and is happy. He is very glib at explaining how he came to be a tramp, but has no glimmering of the real reason, any more than the Will of years ago understood where the tins passed, and why? Anyone may see that as his father drifted before him, so he drifts, and so his sons will drift. But whether Will or the current is the more to blame, it will take a wise man to tell.

'Luvly Miss'

N OBODY thought of consequences. There was a lighted paraffin lamp on the table and nothing else handy. Mrs. Brown's head presented a tempting mark, and of course Mr. Brown's lengthy stay at 'The Three Fingers' had something to do with it; but nobody thought of Miss Brown, aged four, who was playing happily on the floor, unruffled by the storm to which she was so well accustomed.

Mrs. Brown ducked; there was a smash, a scream, and poor little Miss Brown was in a blaze. The shock sobered the father and silenced the mother. Miss Brown was extinguished with the aid of a table-cover, much water, and many neighbours; but she was horribly burnt all over, except her face.

* * * * *

I made Miss Brown's acquaintance a few days later. She was lying on a bed made up on two chairs, and was covered with cotton wool. She had scarcely any pain, and could not move at all; and the small face that peered out of what she called her "pitty warm snow" was wan and drawn and had a faraway look in the dark eyes.

Miss Brown possessed one treasure, her 'luvly miss.' I suppose I must call it a doll, though in what its claim to the title consisted I dared not ask; Miss Brown would have deeply resented the enquiry. It was a very large potato with

a large and a small bulge. Into the large bulge were inserted three pieces of fire-wood, the body and arms of 'lully miss'; legs she had none.

How Miss Brown came by this treasure I never heard. She had an impression that it "fled froo the winder"—I fancy Mr. Brown had a hand in the manufacture in one of his lucid moments; but it was a treasure indeed and the joy of Miss Brown's life. She held long conversations with 'lully miss' on all familiar subjects; and apparently obtained much strange and rare information from her. For example, Miss Brown and 'lully miss' in some previous stage of their existence had inhabited a large chimney-pot together, "where it was always so warm and a bootie 'mell of cookin'." Also she had a rooted belief that one day she and 'lully mis' would be "hangels wiv' black weils and basticks." This puzzled me for some time, until I discovered it to be an allusion to the good deaconess who attended her, and whom Mrs. Brown in gratitude designated by this title.

Alas for little Miss Brown and her 'lully miss'! their respective ends were drawing near. I went in one Friday, a week or so after the accident, and found Mrs. Brown in tears and despair, and Miss Brown with a look of anguish on her poor little pinched face that was bad to see. 'Lully Miss' was no more.

It was Mr. Brown again; or, to trace back the links of occasion, it was the action of 'The Three Fingers' on Mr. Brown's frail constitution. He had come in late, seen 'lully miss' on the table, and, with his usual heedlessness of consequence, had chucked her into the dying embers where—alas that I should have to say it!—she slowly baked. Little Miss Brown, when the miserable truth was broken to her, neither wept nor remonstrated; she lay quite still with a look of utter forsaken wretchedness on her tiny white face, and moaned very softly for 'lully miss.'

I came face to face with this state of things and I confess it staggered me. I knew Miss Brown too well to hope that any pink-and-white darling from the toy-shop could replace 'lully miss,' or that she could be persuaded to admit even a very image of the dear departed into her affections. Then, too, the doctor said Miss Brown had but a few days at the most, perhaps only hours, to live; and comforted she must be.

All at once I had an inspiration, and never in my life have I welcomed one more. I knelt down by little Miss Brown and told her the story of the Phoenix. I had not reckoned in vain upon her imagination: would I "yerely and twooly bwing" her "werry own lully miss out of the ashes?" I lied cheerfully and hastened away to the dust-bin, accompanied by Mrs. Brown.

In a few minutes we returned with a pail of ashes, the ashes, of course of 'lully miss' mingled with those of the cruel fire which had consumed her. I danced solemnly round them, murmured mysterious words, parted the ashes, and revealed the form of 'lully miss.' Love's eyes were not sharp to mark a change, and little Miss Brown's misplaced faith in me was strong. Never shall I forget the scream of joy which greeted the restored treasure, or the relief with which I saw an expression of peace settle once more on Miss Brown's face.

* * * * *

I saw them again next day. Little Miss Brown was asleep in her last little bed, still wrapped in the "pitty warm snow," and 'lully miss' lay beside her.

From "The Grey Brethren," by *Michael Fairless*.

An Insult to the Arts Society.

To the Editor of the Journal:—

There may be some excuse for the freshman who lets his passions for mischief lead him into thoughtless acts; the frolicsome spirit of youth is strong in him yet. But one can find no excuse for men, who have spent from three to six years in college, conducting themselves in a thoughtless and even insulting manner. On Tuesday afternoon last, eight men, whose names are prominent in Science Hall, under the guise of a delegation from their faculty to obtain information regarding the Arts Club Room, were received before the Arts Society. The speaker of the delegation then read in sarcastic tone, an address, which for burlesque, cynicism, and downright impertinence outdid all that the Arts men could imagine. What humor was in the address we appreciated, but when men whom we respected as gentlemen, show their ignorance of the first principles of courtesy and refinement, by using an audience, obtained by false pretences, for grossly ridiculing the work of the Arts Faculty and caricaturing her professors, we feel that the humor of the situation is lost in the gravity of the insult. Ending his address with a peroration on the benefit of games in the Club Room, the leader of the party asked leave to present to the Arts Society a gift from Science Hall, whereupon he hurled at the chairman of the meeting a bag of marbles. That men of such standing in the University should thus conduct themselves in the meeting of a faculty society was amazing to the Arts men present. Nor were matters improved, when, on being asked to explain this unseemly conduct, a member of the party bluntly stated that they had come with the expectation of having a "scrap." What is the meaning, we ask. The men themselves confessed later in the meeting that they were not delegated by any society. And such men! There's the rub! They are men highly respected in Queen's, from an ex-vice-president of our Alma Mater, through a prominent member of the Journal staff, and a former president of the Glee Club, to an ex-chairman of the Athletic Committee, all honourable men like Cassius and the rest. Again, we ask, what does it mean? If men like these fail to uphold law and order in our halls, and respect not the various organizations of the College, what will be the result? It doubtless can be traced to a thoughtless love of trickery, but we wish to record, along with our hope that it may not occur again, our amazement that it should ever have occurred from such a source. Yours,—*W. Scott.*

To the Editor Queen's University Journal:—

Dear Sir,—Kindly give the following resolution, passed unanimously at a meeting of the Athletic Committee on Thursday, March 17th, a place in your next issue:—

"That this committee, convinced that physical recreation is an essential part of the daily life of every student cannot approve of the recent appropriation by the Trustees of Queen's University of the Upper Campus, a campus over which the student body had at least some rights in equity, and views with growing concern the long delay on the part of the Trustees in recognizing not only these rights but the imperative needs of football for next session.

And that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Principal, the Board of Trustees, and the Queen's University Journal."

Queen's University Journal

Published weekly during the Academic Year by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University.

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Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year; single copies, 10c.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, or to the Business Manager, Queen's University, Kingston.

Editorials.

THIS is the last issue of the Journal before the examinations. There will be a Convocation number forwarded to as many as will leave their summer addresses at the College Post Office, or at the Sanctum. The Journal this year has been more or less of an experiment, but we think that it has proved that Queen's can support and wants a weekly issue. What its character should be, is of course, a matter of taste. Various criticisms have reached our ears. Some say that it should be more "literary," others that it should be more "newsy." Our own candid opinion is that it should be both. In a recent issue of a Canadian college magazine the opinion was given that weekly editions of university papers were disappointments as literary efforts. We have seen some monthly publications to which a stronger word might be applied. But we suppose that in each case it is recognized that it is the wielder of the pen who is to blame, and not frequency or infrequency of issue. Of course, some people have pet subjects for literary efforts, but "Our Intellectual Attitude in an Age of Criticism" for example, or "The Philosophy of Shakespeare" can be cruelly mishandled under the delusion, and with the hope, perhaps, that it is a "literary effort." So it is, after a sort, but its quality depends upon the "wielder of the pen." We have tried to find what kind of a weekly Journal can be produced and what kind of a Journal is wanted. We have learned several things from our experiment. Its function does not appear to be to add to the burdens of student life. It can be taken too seriously, and yet it ought to be serious enough to express the deliberate thought of the student body. It is their organ and the larger the university grows, the less room there will be in the Journal for articles of a purely academic character. It must more and more deal with student life, inter-faculty relations, and in a more general way keep in touch with our own graduates, and with other institutions. It should promote and uphold the best college traditions and express the students'

attitude on any question concerning their interests; it should be used to correct false tendencies on their part as a whole, and in some instances as individuals and in addition to record college incidents. Articles of general interest may be printed occasionally, but as a rule, must be left for special editions or for those magazines under whose province they come.

We believe that the scope given by a weekly issue is sufficient for the best efforts of any student in college, apart from the staff, who has literary ambitions and interest in old Queen's.

When are we to have a University Press? There is sufficient work about the University to warrant some move in this direction. There are the calendars of the different faculties, examination papers, both term and final, notices of meetings, games, etc., synopsis of lectures, Y.M.C.A. hand-book, Queen's Quarterly, and the Journal. These alone might justify an effort being made now. Once established, there is no doubt that publications of various kinds would keep it busy during the summer.

We wish to thank all who have, during the year, assisted us in issuing a weekly Journal. Our especial thanks are due to Mr. Frank Macdonald who regularly supplied cartoons for us. This new feature added much, we are sure, to the interest of the Journal. We often thought that we were imposing upon his kindness. But he, although not a member of the staff, has given cheerfully of his time and talent. We envy him his skill.

We hear that a six-weeks summer session in Arts is to be inaugurated this year. This ought to add to the efficiency of the extra-mural work. The new scheme will be watched with interest. We wish it every success.

Even at this early date, we beg to draw attention to the fact that for some years past, professors have for some reason found it convenient to be absent for the Valedictorian addresses. It is said that two were present last year. There is something here for students, and the faculties to think about, and then "let each govern himself accordingly."

We beg to acknowledge the kindness of Messrs. Duckworth & Co. for permission to print the pathetic little sketch "*Luzly Miss*," by Michael Fairless in *The Grey Brethren*.

Ladies.



THE last meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Friday, March 18th. After the regular business meeting the annual meeting was held; the various reports were given and then the election results were given out as follows:—

President, Miss Playfair; vice-president, Miss Macdonnell; treasurer, Miss Carlyle; recording secretary, Miss MacKay; corresponding secretary, Miss Stewart.

We regret very much that Miss Laura Phillips has been in the hospital during the past week; however, judging from the number of visitors, she has not been lonely while there.

A HUNTING SONG.

O cheerful rings the hunter's horn,
To purple skies just touched with morn,
The echoing horn and brave hound's bay—
They usher in the smiling day;
And many a laugh is upward borne,
And upward many a gay hurrah.

The woodland boughs are summer green,
And o'er the fields is summer's sheen,
And blithely doth the warm wind blow
As o'er the hills the huntsmen go,
Behind the hounds, whose senses keen,
Follow the footprints of the doe.

Then on my hunter, tall and strong,
Beside my love, I speed along.
And forth into the air of gold
I pour the tale beloved of old
That tells how Cupid's shaft went wrong
While hunting in a woodland throng,
So that the deer escaped the dart,
Which quivered in a huntsman's heart.—*R. E. H., '11.*

Arts.

AT the last regular meeting of the Arts Society we were entertained by an octette of irresponsibles from Science Hall, who under false colors obtained admission and a hearing from the Society. A lengthy address was read by the leader of the stalwarts which was intended to be full of witty criticisms and overflowing with good-natured, humorous allusions to the characteristics and pet fancies of the Arts faculty. This masterpiece of satire was supposed to provoke hilarious, uproarious applause.

The first part of the address was rather humorous and we gave it the indulgence of a laugh or two. However, as it proceeded, it became most abusive and the climax was reached when the speaker, asking leave to present the Arts Society with a gift for the Club Room, hurled a bag of marbles at the chairman of the meeting. Now this not only passes beyond the limits of a joke, but oversteps the bounds of decency.

It may have been originally intended for a joke, indeed it seems that a good joke could have been made of it by delicate handling, but the way it really was handled and the flat result shows the real humor of the situation. Truly this is the season of spring poems and youthful gushings.

This fiasco was engineered by a few individuals from the Science faculty and they alone are responsible for this unseemly conduct. However, we are of the opinion that the matter should be taken up by the Science Court, as the Arts members who were present at the meeting consider that a direct insult was offered the Society.

Several complaints have been made lately that some of the books which have been placed on the shelves of the consulting library, have been taken from the building and kept for some days. Of course, everyone knows that the library rules say that these books must not be taken away. The reasons have been given time and again by the professors. At this late date in the term it is surely unfair for an individual to carry off a book even for a day or two, especially as there is only one copy of some of the books in the library. It is interesting to note here that a short time ago a McGill student was expelled for the same offence, at the instance of the new Student Court of Honour.

On Tuesday last, a meeting of the year '09 was held. The memorial committee reported as to what progress had been made regarding the establishment of the fellowship in History. The musical programme rendered was greatly appreciated by all present.

Science.

IN any school of mining the course in mineralogy is one of the essentials; it should be as complete and detailed as possible. Whether or not this can be said of our course in mineralogy at Queen's we leave to the reader to judge from the following brief description.

The course begins in the second year in mining and on presentation of his class ticket a set of mineral specimens numbering about one hundred and fifty is handed over to each student. Each set is contained in a cabinet of drawers, the drawers divided into compartments for each specimen, and a complete indexed list attached to each set. An individual collection of crystal models is also given to each student in this year. Our course here is unique in this respect, as far as can be ascertained there is no other school of mining in the world which attempts to supply individual student collections of this size. The course in the third year is a continuation of that in the second, members of this class each receiving a set of about two hundred specimens of greater variety than those received in the previous year. It would be rather difficult to sum up the reasons which make it possible to supply student collections in this way. It is due largely to the fact that we are so fortunately situated in a district well supplied with mineral bearing rocks. We all hear more or less of the "mineralogy excursions" which are held on Saturday mornings during the fall term; some of us have trudged back wearily from these trips bringing with us a bag full of specimens which we would consider worthless were it not for the exchange system which Professor Nicol has developed, through which specimens are received from all parts of the world in exchange for those mentioned. Since the opening up of the Cobalt district there has been an increasing demand for specimens of Ontario minerals, which has made it possible for Professor Nicol to gather for the School of Mining a collection of minerals second to none on the continent.

On the first floor of Ontario Hall is the University mineral collection and fourteen large cabinets illustrating some of the industrial uses of minerals showing their state in the process of manufacture from the raw material to finished product. Among the more interesting of these might be mentioned the cases containing Feldspar, Asbestos, Petroleum and Graphite.

To go into details with regard to the equipment at hand for the student of crystallography one must needs be a student of the subject, so the writer will leave the subject untouched, needless to say it is on a par with the equipment of the more practical side of the course.

Twenty years ago the lectures in mineralogy were held in a little room in Carruthers' Hall,—to-day, with the exception of chemistry, the Department of Mineralogy occupies more room than any other department in the University; surely we can reiterate the statement of the writer of this column two years ago, when he wrote, "the Mineralogy Department is one of which Queen's may well be proud."

The following were successful candidates at the recent Preliminary Examination for Dominion Land Surveyors:—N. B. MacRostie, W. S. Earle, John Moyer, A. A. MacLaren, J. H. Johnston, J. A. T. Robertson, L. A. Kendall, C. Pierce.

Medicine.

CONSIDER now the Medical student and his ways at this strenuous time of the year. Behold his life is full of sorrow. He riseth early in the morning, sitteth up late into the night, readeth much on anatomy, appendicular gastralgia and divers things that pass all understanding. Verily, I say, his days are full of sorrow and his nights of weeping. In but a few short days he goeth forth into the examination halls with a heavy head and poureth out his store of knowledge. Verily I say, his days are full of sorrow for often he cometh out of the examination with wailing and gnashing of teeth—and he crieth out in the bitterness of his soul “when shall these examinations end.”

The hockey team of Medicine '13 met their first defeat of the season on Friday last, when the freshmen in Science defeated them by a score of 2-1.

We are pleased to note that Dr. Bogart has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness as to be able to resume his lectures.

We apologize for the error that appeared in our column last week.

SONG OF MEDICINE TWELVE.

Our hearts are light, our heads the same,
Our lungs are good, we play the game,
To take back seats, we're never ready,
We boss the earth till we meet Teddy.

In regions tough we've been dead broke,
Been down and out, yet seen the joke,
But at a 'grind' we do, I state,
Belong to the Invertebrate.

There's not a man we like so well
Nor one more often wished in ——.
We'll speak more fully when we see
If we have passed Anatomy.—“*Naughty Eleven.*”

Education.

THIS is the time of year when none of the students seem to have any difficulty in occupying the time, and although the need for preparation is not so immediate in Education as among the students of other faculties, yet the effect is observed here the same as elsewhere. Especially in evidence are the studious tendencies of those in the second advanced course, who are called upon to take part in the final and crowning pleasures of some of the Arts classes.

However, a ten days' vacation, at Easter, from class work in Education, will allow time for considerable review on the part of these unfortunates, and for the others will prove a very enjoyable rest before the *finale* in May.

The following extract from a letter received from one of the ladies of last year's class may serve to correct the idea that 'school-marms' find no time to enjoy the pleasures of life:—

"We are great hockey enthusiasts this winter. There are about six distinct organizations in town; we are the "Comets," and of course it is *the* team. We are not quite as swift as the name would imply, but we hope soon to merit the appellation. The Ex-Collegiates here have a splendid team—they are the "Imps." We have had fine sport bobbing:—have tried all the hills for leagues around. . . . In school, I am still struggling on. I have thirty-three in my class this term; two were promoted at Christmas, and the rest seem too dull and stupid. . . .

The Christmas holidays passed very quickly, and I had a gay time,—parties, skating, etc. . . . Give my love to the *boys*."

During the past week, various signs have pointed to the fact that the course of lectures in High School Methods is very nearly finished. These classes, and especially certain parts of them, have probably been of more *practical* benefit than any others we have received, so they have been much appreciated; yet one hears no general expressions of regret at the prospect of eight o'clock classes being no more.

Alumni.

OTTAWA QUEEN'S ALUMNI DINNER.

OTTAWA is not yet quite certain whether it is to be the Washington of the North or the Pittsburg of the North, but one thing it certainly is already,—one of the strongest and most loyal of Queen's centres. Queen's graduates have made their mark in many lines in the capital, on the bench and at the bar, in the pulpit and the school, in medicine and newspaper work, and in increasingly large numbers in the civil service, particularly in the technical departments. The Alumni Association flourishes accordingly. Its nineteenth annual dinner, held in the New Russell on the evening of Friday, March 11th, maintained the unbroken tradition of success. About one hundred members and guests were present, including, as is customary in many of the Alumni gatherings, women graduates as well as men. Smoking consequently was not a prominent feature. Judge Mac-Tavish, President of the Association, presided ably, and at his right hand sat the Chancellor, whom all were glad to find looking in such good health. The toast of Canada was proposed by Andrew Haydon, and responded to by Professor Skelton, who spoke on the new need for study of foreign affairs occasioned by our having moved on to the front street of the nations. Professor Shortt proposed the Houses of Parliament in his best vein, and Sir James Grant responded in a rousing speech. George F. Henderson, '84, indulged in the reminiscences appropriate to the toast of the University, and dwelt on the need for unanimity in the approaching problems; Professor Morison, in responding, revealed clearly how thoroughly he has already made the University's spirit his own. The only source of regret was the enforced absence of Dean Cappon, for whose speedy recovery wishes were expressed on every side.

CONVOCATION NUMBER.

Journal subscribers who wish to receive the Convocation number of the Journal, which will appear early in May, will kindly forward their summer addresses to the Business Manager before leaving College.

No Journals will be forwarded until these addresses are sent in.

Students who have not yet paid up for the Journal will confer a favor by forwarding *that* subscription.

Music and Drama.

THE first meeting of the Music and Drama Committee has been held, and some arrangements made for the work of next session. R. M. MacTavish has been appointed chairman, and Norman MacDonald assistant-secretary, N. B. MacRostie being secretary-treasurer. The quorum of seven necessitates the presence of a sufficient number of members to represent all the varied interests of the committee, and provides for an adequate discussion of any matters affecting these various interests.

A sub-committee has been appointed to arrange with the Grand Opera House management for a suitable play for Theatre Night next year. Steps are being taken to get in communication with theatrical and concert agencies in centres like London and New York with a view to having presented here, under the auspices of the committee, performances that would otherwise pass by Kingston.

It has been decided to have an examination for applicants for membership to the Glee Clubs and Choral Society.

Exchanges.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved to live with all my might while I do live ;

Resolved, never to lose one moment of time, but improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can ;

Resolved, never to be anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another ;

Resolved, never to do anything out of revenge ;

Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.—*University Life*.

LIFE IS A FUNNY PROPOSITION.

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the balance of our species. In his infancy he is an angel ; in his boyhood he is a demon ; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up ; in his duties he is a fool ; if he raises a family he is a chump ; if he

raises a small check he is a thief, and then the law raises the devil with him; if he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest but considered smart; if he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics you can't place him, as he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner and damned; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy and a tight-wad. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out everybody wants to kick him; if he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply in the way and living to save funeral expenses. Life is a funny road, but we all like to travel it just the same.—*Hya Yaka*.

We beg to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the *Dial*, the *O.A.C. Review*, the *Varsity*, the *Fleur De Lis*, the *Tech*, the *Manitoba College Journal*, the *Martlet*, the *Hya Yaka*, the *University Monthly*, the *Dalhousie Gazette*, the *Acta Victoriana*, the *University of Ottawa Review*, the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, the *Decaturian*, the *Buff and Blue*, and the *Fordham Monthly*.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen watching the new occupant. "How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he, "how's your pig to-day?" "Oh, pretty well,—thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"—*Western University Gazette*.

Divinity.

THE number of classes attended by the students in Theology during this session has greatly interfered with the effectiveness of the course. When the afternoon is broken by attendance at lectures, it is impossible to do the reading that a student in Theology ought to do in connection with his class work. Especially is this the case when lectures in Theology are given each day from 12 to 1 o'clock. This year the course of lectures in N. T. language is being continued on, whereas in other years it ended about the middle of February. This is a class which was added to the course about three years ago and was not at first compulsory. Its presence among the classes gives three hours a week to N. T. work, while only two hours a week are given to the corresponding work in Old Testament. It would seem as if the faculty were limiting the classes by the endurance of the students, rather than making them subserve the highest culture that a theological course can give. It seems, too, that we are not going to have the three days of grace conceded by the strict letter of the law, but are to finish taking notes one day and jump into examinations the next.

The last fortnightly meeting of the Q.T.S. for this term, was held on Friday afternoon of last week. The speaker was Prof. Skelton who addressed the meeting on "Socialism and its Relation to Christianity."

The meeting was well attended. All appreciated very much Prof. Skelton's excellent address. The students feel that they are deeply indebted to those who have addressed the Society, during the session that is now drawing to a close.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, Mrs. R. Laird was "At Home" to the students in Theology. A most enjoyable time was spent with Prof. and Mrs. Laird and their lady friends. It is to be hoped that each St. Patrick's Day will find us in as pleasant surroundings.

Athletics.

QUEEN'S LOSE ALLAN CUP.

QUEEN'S senior hockey team, after winning the Intercollegiate championship and defeating the Cliffside, the first challengers for the Allan Cup, were defeated by St. Michael's, of Toronto, on Wednesday evening last week, by the score of 5-4. The game was one of the closest and fastest ever seen on local ice. And the crowd taxed even the patience and plans of the efficient management of the Kingston rink. In the first half the advantage was distinctly with Queen's. In the middle of the second period the visitors appeared to have tired Queen's. It was at this time that they scored the goals that gave them the lead. With the cup loosened from its resting place and only three minutes to play, Queen's showed their supporters that they could make a whirlwind finish. Twice in the last minute of play Campbell and Crawford swept into the very mouth of the St. Michael's goal. The shots were missed; but a shade of luck would have meant a tie and the cup. When the time-keeper pulled the bell for full time Greg George was in possession of the puck with a clear field for a shot. If Queen's had tied the score there would have been seven tricolors on the ice before the visitors would have got the puck past Gilbert again.

The details of the game have been told so many times that the Journal will not publish them at this date. In the last issue, however, we are glad of the opportunity of expressing to the hockey team the gratitude of the students for the manner in which it played during the season. The achievements are such as to make every student proud. The season opened under clouds. The defence of the previous year was not available. Then three new men were shaped into the positions. Of these, two were taken sick after the first game and the task of building up the defence had to be commenced again. The forward line in the meantime was coming into shape. By the time of the game in Toronto the team had caught its pace. They won until they went against St. Michael's. They admit that the Toronto boys won fairly. But the most astute judge of hockey would not know on which team to place his wad if the teams met again. Hard ice would favor Queen's. But there is no kick from the boys. And anyone who heard the cheers given for Queen's in the gymnasium at the end of the game knows what the mass of students thinks of the seven men who represented Queen's in the biggest game of the year.

The Toronto Globe under the lofty caption of "All work and no play, etc." before and after the Queen's-St. Michael's game for the Allan Cup dished up a beautiful line of talk about the O.H.A. and Queen's. In its first serene reflection it stated that in addition to St. Michael's there were three teams in the O.H.A. that could defeat Queen's. It proceeded to enlighten its readers by pointing out that St. Michael's had earlier in the season beaten Queen's by 12-3. After the game last Wednesday The Globe said that while St. Michael's victory had not been gained as easily as was expected it was sufficiently clear-cut to demonstrate a fact that had long been known to the Sporting Editor (great and portentous wisdom), namely, that O.H.A. hockey is better than Intercollegiate.

In the first comment, error of fact is added to hopeless weakness of judgement. The score was 10-4. The ice was about as suitable for hockey as a tennis court. The game was regarded as a joke by both teams. But in the last comment the sin of hogtown prejudice appears in all its dirty colors. The victory



was gained by the hardest kind of play. In fact the unprejudiced verdict of the matter must be that Queen's had one-half of the play. The members of St. Michael's team would themselves enlighten "Jack at play" in regard to the efforts required to win. It was anybody's game and in the last three minutes Campbell and Crawford came right into the mouth of the St. Michael's goal on two occasions. And yet the victory is described as clear-cut. It is hoped that the man who wrote the comment did not see the game, but based his opinion on the account sent out by a correspondent. However, at Queen's, all the blowing and blustering of Toronto sporting pages falls flat. We admit that such unvarnished prejudice as was exhibited in the Globe comments stung. They were unfair to a team that started the season without a single member of the great defence that brought it glory the year before and won the Intercollegiate after a long season, and then staved off the Cliff-sides. But won the Intercollegiate! Ah, there's the rub. The Globe from the time that Toronto University got into difficulties by losing to Queen's, etc., to adopt a homely phrase, made its hockey comments so far as Queen's and McGill were concerned consist of "one dam grouch after another." That's all.

RUGBY.

Senior Intercollegiate Rugby schedule for next fall.
 Oct. 8th—Queen's at Ottawa: McGill at Toronto.
 Oct. 15—Queen's at McGill: Ottawa at Toronto.
 Oct. 22nd—Ottawa at Queen's: Toronto at McGill.
 Oct. 29th—McGill at Queen's: Toronto at Ottawa.
 Nov. 5th—Queen's at Toronto: Ottawa at McGill.
 Nov. 12th—Toronto at Queen's: McGill at Ottawa.

INTER-FACULTY RUGBY GAMES.

The Rugby Club Executive and the representatives of the various faculties met last week and drew up the following schedule for the inter-faculty games next fall. It will be noticed that the games are put on early in the season.

Oct. 3rd—Arts vs. Medicine.
 Oct. 6th—Arts vs. Science.
 Oct. 10th—Medicine vs. Science.
 Oct. 11th—Arts vs. Medicine.
 Oct. 17th—Arts vs. Science.
 Oct. 22nd—Medicine vs. Science.

It was also decided that the officials for each game would be named by the executive. No member of the first or second teams will be allowed to take part in these games.

We are glad to hear that arrangements are nearly completed for the purchase of the 'commons' south of Victoria field, for an athletic field. The ground will be ready next fall.

De Nobis.

Scene—Final year meeting, Science '13.

Prof. Baker, having finished his address with an exhortation to Science '13 to preserve the excellence of Queen's traditions, Prof. C. M. speaks, beginning as follows:—

"You will all agree, gentlemen, that we'll do our best to maintain these traditions and tarnish—I mean burnish them up if possible."

There once was a fellow named Otto,
Who scorched in his ninety mile auto,
He out-scorched this life
And the rumor is rife,
That the next will scorch him
For it aught to.

S. McC---g, after heavy-weight wrestling, at Assault-at-Arms:—

"Gee, Bob, I'd like to hug everybody—of my own size—from Glengarry."

R. McG.—"Ha! ha! ha!"

After Assault-at-Arms—discussing heavy-weight boxing bout:—

S. E-g-r:—"That Varsity man didn't fiddle so much in the last round."

W. B-r--tt:—"Perhaps he was playing 'Home Sweet Home.'"

Ned Crowley, walking down Princess street, meets J. C. Smith (not alone).
Ned, saluting,—*"Hello, Commodore!"*

Time 12.30 p.m., Sunday night. Scene 428 Princess St.:—

C. P. S--l-y, cleaning his boots before going in:—

"Oh beastly, those trips to Cataraqui are hard on Two in One,—wonder if she saw my feet?"

1st Freshette—"How are you getting along with fencing?"

2nd Freshette—"Oh, I have no one to teach me."

1st Freshette—"Oh, why don't you get A. D. Carmichael to teach you? He gives lessons free."

ALLADIN'S LAMP WISHES.

- Bill Losee—A Royal Flush.
Andy Laing—A \$3,000 call.
Dutch Van Sickle—A silent "gods."
Jawn Houston—A "house."
Basil George—Good ice.
H. Bradley—Free beer and an Ostermoor for Geology lectures.
John Dawson—More subscriptions.
Waddy MacNee—No exams.
Baldy Goedike—A barrel of Herpicide.
A. A. McLaren—More lectures.
Slyvester—A job with Eddie Foy.
Taft LeClair—Another duel.
J. Tremblay—A salmon mine.
Sam Robinson and others—100 per cent. in Mineralogy IV.
The Arts Society—A marble tombstone for some Science men.
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